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APRIL 1914

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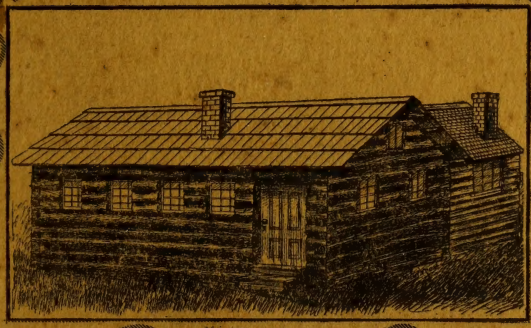

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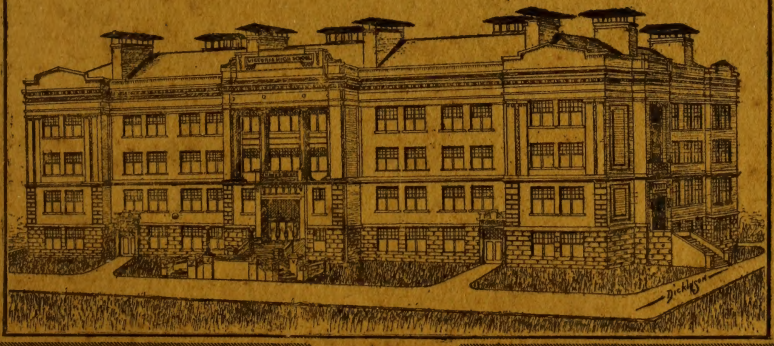

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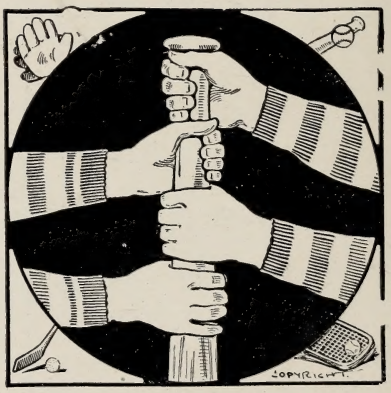

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The Camosun

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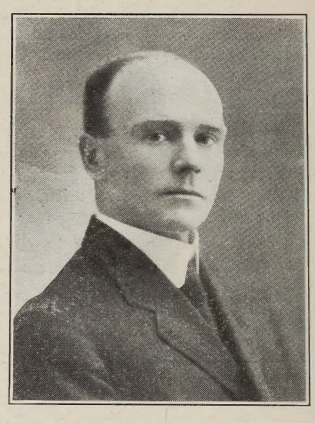
High School

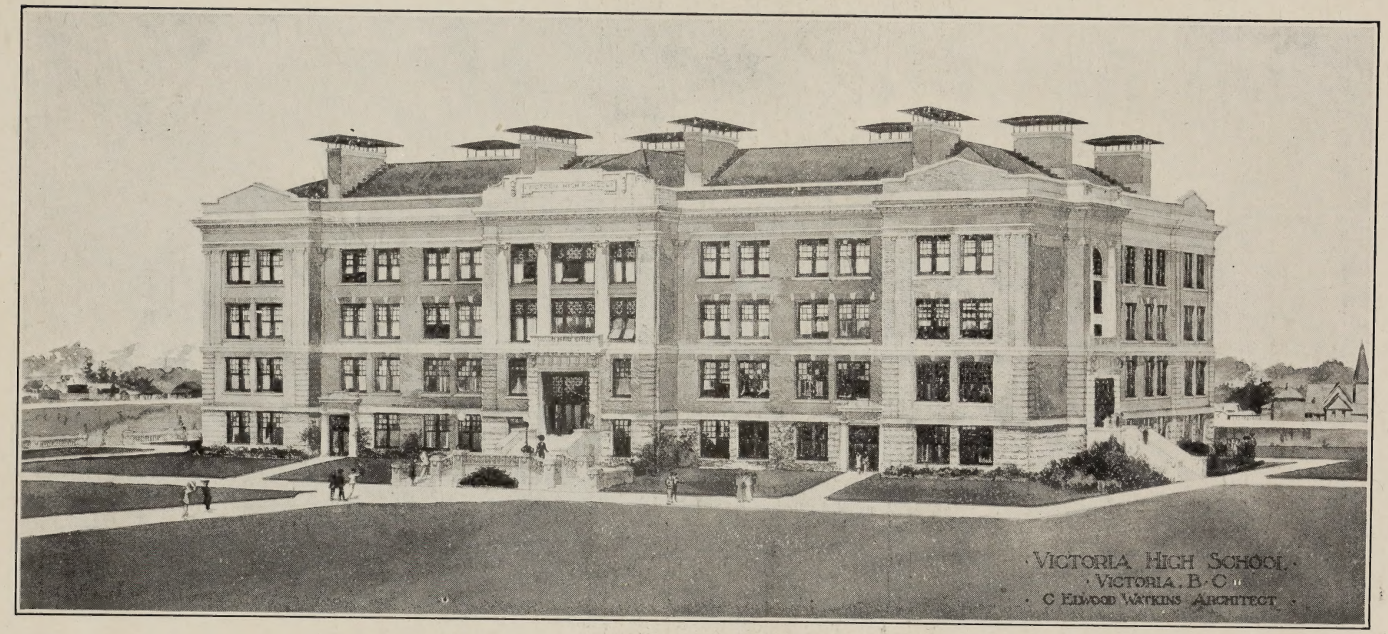
THE first High School in B. C. was opened in this city as far back as the year 1876—a small wooden, two-roomed building situated on the grounds of the present Central School. Later the work was carried on in a three-roomed brick building which had been built for the purpose between the Boys' and Girls' Central Schools, additional rooms being improvised when necessary. The year 1902 saw the opening of the present building, which will soon be abandoned in favor of the imposing new edifice which represents the latest stage in the educational development of Victoria.

MR. C. E. WATKINS
Architect



S. J. WILLIS, B. A.
V. H. S. Principal

Anyone who would like a complete description of the new High School should dig up from among the relics of antiquity a copy of the "Camosun" for October 28, 1911, which will give practically all the information one looks for. The following is only a brief summary of the most outstanding features of the new building, which was planned by Mr. C. Elwood Watkins. The site is that of the old Spring Ridge sand pits which have been filled and graded. The building faces Grant Street and the South, and commands a beautiful view of the Sound and the Olympic Range. It is planned in the shape of the letter E, the three wings projecting to the rear, the Assembly Hall and Gymnasium being located in the center, the side wings being devoted to class rooms, etc. The frame of the building is of reinforced concrete, with great steel girders used in the construction of the center wing where the Assembly Hall is located, while the walls are faced with pressed brick with terra cotta trimmings. There are four main floors, with a sub-basement which does not cover the entire area of the building and is mainly devoted to the heating plant and gymnasium. On the ground floor there are



THE NEW VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL

attractive lunch rooms with a kitchen attached, fitted with all conveniences for supplying the pupils with hot or cold lunches. The Assembly Hall has a capacity of about 800; there will be 516 opera chairs on the main floor and 300 in the balcony. The stage, which can be seen from all parts of the hall, is 18 feet by 34 feet. On the first floor, where one will find the Principal's office and the Teachers' rooms, are the class-rooms, to hold 30 pupils each. The floor above this is divided into twelve class-rooms and the library and reading room which is situated over the main entrance. The third floor has five ordinary class-rooms, with a spacious "Commercial Room"; the space in the two wings is taken up by the Chemistry and Physics laboratories and lecture rooms.

The building is fireproof throughout, with the exception of the wood used for exterior finish, and an elaborate and up-to-date system of fire protection has been installed. Each room is fitted with a telephone directly connected to a switchboard in the Principal's Office. Also in each class-room there is an electric clock (a convenience which will save pupils much trouble incurred in pulling out their Ingersolls) with a call bell, worked automatically with a master-clock in the office. The sanitation, heating and ventilation are in all respects modern; the temperature of the rooms is controlled automatically by thermostats which operate the dampers by compressed air.

Another detail which may not be overlooked is that each pupil will have a locker to deposit, hats, coats, baseball gloves and lacrosse sticks and be sure of finding them on his return.

She wrote a poem on the College boys;
Their wrath was fearful to see.
Her satire so sharp and her wit so neat,
Were given a rein most free.

A meeting was held to file a protest,
And the poem was handed round.
The votes were taken and counted at once,
Together they made quite a mound.

The result of the protest I am glad to say,
Was, "This poem returned with thanks."
And the boys went about with glee in their hearts,
As they thought of the coming dance.

—C. B. W.

A Trip Abroad

By E. Howard Russell, B. A.

THE voyage across the Atlantic was in itself a delightful experience. The weather was fine, the people charming and the novelty of being on a large boat, equipped with so many modern luxuries, made the passage very interesting. Looking back to the life on board the steamer, it seems as if each day was but a series of meals—fruit and coffee brought to your room at any hour in the early morning one might wish, breakfast at eight, at ten bouillon and crackers, at twelve an extensive lunch, at four tea and cake, at seven dinner and at nine sandwiches in the smoking-room. The strange part of it all was that we were always ready for the different repasts. There was a splendid gymnasium on the upper desk, plenty of room for deck games and a fine promenade deck; these, combined with invigorating sea air, seemed to leave us always ready to attack our meals with healthy zest.

I was very sorry that we did not pass near enough to either Madeira or the Azores to catch even a glimpse, but the first land sighted was Gibraltar. I got up about 4.30 a.m. and was among the first to see the land. It looms up so naturally, against the sky, that one almost expects to see the "Prudential Life Assurance." Being the only British subject on board, I felt my importance and tried hard to wear a becoming air of superiority to the poor unfortunates who were not so blest.

We were permitted to pass four hours on shore and I found Gibraltar a very interesting place. The streets are very narrow and, as is also the case in the cities in Italy, have mere apologies for sidewalks, which exist, not for pedestrians to walk on, but as life-savers when vehicles dash along the streets. As far as one could judge, the town exists for the purpose of "doing" the tourist. Every street is lined with little shops of curios and if the unwary sightseer pause but an instant before some window, he is besought to enter and finds difficulty in freeing himself from their importunities.

It was most amusing to watch the vendors follow the passengers to the wharf, some even, in small boats to the steamer, offering their wares on a rapidly sliding scale, so that objects that were on first demand $2 or $3, quickly dropped to three for 50 cents.

We left Gibraltar about 1 p.m. and, although I was ready for luncheon, yet the place was so imposing and replete with historical interest, that I gladly remained on deck as long as the land was visible. Two days afterwards we sighted Sardinia, reaching Naples the next morning about 8 o'clock. Having studied Italian diligently each day on the boat, I had command enough of the language to say porter, custom house, taxicab, hotel; these, together with vigorous motions of the hands, an Italian habit easily acquired and most essential, removed all difficulties and I was soon in a hack on my way

to an hotel. My driver proudly informed me that he had been in New York and when I paid him, I was quite ready to believe him, as he charged two lire more than was called for—my first experience in being "done" but not the last.

"Vedi Napoli e poi muori" (See Naples and die), is a saying with which we are all familiar, so naturally I was prepared to see a very beautiful city, but the phrase is misleading. The city itself is dirty and when judged by the impression obtained in walking through the streets, it certainly is not beautiful, but if viewed with the eye of the impressionist, it is delightful. The narrow streets become avenues of colour, the old houses, backgrounds of soft tones, while above is always the eternal blue of the South. When, however, one ascends to the old Carthusian monastery of San Martino and, from its magnificent Belvedere, looks down on the city lying at one's feet, seeing a crescent-shaped bay with Vesuvius at one tip and Posilipo at the other, the shore line partly rugged, with old fortresses and towers jutting out into the water, the rest one long carriage road, bordered with parks and stately homes, in the distance Capri rising from the Mediterranean blue, then one realizes the marvelous beauty of the place and can appreciate the saying, "See Naples and die."

The first day I devoted to wandering through the town, up one narrow street and down another—up and down are used very literally, as Naples goes up, in many cases by a series of steps, and down, perhaps in the same manner, as everything is typical of the national phrase, "Chi lo sa" (who knows). It was most interesting and decidedly picturesque. The people are good-hearted, gay, live on the streets and make an awful noise. The streets are paved with flat blocks of lava, rubber-tired vehicles are unknown, the drivers keep up an incessant cracking of their whips, all of which, combined with the cries of the very many street vendors, make of Naples one of the noisiest cities in the world.

Some of you will rejoice to know that even in Naples Virgil is regarded as an evil spirit. If you ask any of the people who built the Castello dell' Ovo, a huge fortress on a rocky islet, now used as a military prison, they will tell you Virgil who was a wizard. Wishing to have a place in which he could keep his treasures, he called on "Il Diavolo," who agreed to build the castle on an egg in one night, if the cocks could be prevented from crowing. A slaughter of the innocent was decreed, but one old woman had a pet bird which she hid. This, as was and is customary, heralded the approaching day, and immediately each imp dropped the stones he was carrying and disappeared. In proof thereof they point to some rocks near Capri called "I Galli."

There is no need for milk inspectors in Naples as each day, instead of milkmen driving along with their carts full of milkcans, flocks of goats are driven through the city, attended usually by a man and his wife, who call in melodious tones "latte." Frequently a response comes from the top floor of some building. At once the

driver halts his flock, calls out Michaelangelo, Raffaello, or the name of some other celebrated artist, as the Italians perpetuate the names of their great men in the objects they love best. From the flock of goats steps out the proud possessor of the name called, climbs the two or three flights of stairs, as the case may be, waits patiently till the quantity of milk desired has been obtained and then rejoins her companions.

It would take up too much of your magazine to describe the wonderful Museum with its great art treasures, the modern Galleria Umberto Primo with its glass roof and well equipped stores, the magnificent Villa Nazionale, a huge park, bordering the drive along the bay, full of tropical plants and statues, the old castles, the famous Aquarium and other points of interest.

Leaving Naples I spent a day in Pompeii and was permitted to visit also some of the recent excavations. I will not describe this wonderful old city, but may at some future period tell you something of its appearance. The next place in my journey was a small hill town called Cava dei Tirreni. From this as a centre I made several interesting side trips, one of them to a very old city, now called Pesto. It was built by the Greeks about the year 600 B C., in honour of Neptune and was called Poseidonia. When it came under the sway of the Romans in 273 it was re-named Paestum and now the Italians call it Pesto. Here I first fully realized how young we are in this country. Imagine three huge temples, each I should judge about the size of the New High School, made of symmetrically tapering Doric columns about 30 ft. in height and over six feet in diameter; picture these against a background of the wonderful blue of the Gulf of Salerno, the blue sky above, the surrounding country one vast plain covered with wild roses, snapdragon, elysium, asters and many other flowers, no life but the myriads of lizards running in and out of the crevices or basking in the sun; repeople the place with the worshipers of the sea god and you can have some small idea of the charm of Pesto.

Leaving Cava I drove for six hours along one of the loveliest roads in the whole world, to an old hill town called Ravello. This drive I shall always remember, not only for its wonderful beauty, but also for the amusing rascal who drove me. Being anxious to practise Italian on every occasion, I entered into conversation with my "cocchiere" and for the first 15 or 20 minutes all went well. Then I proved the truth of the old saying, A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. We came to a ravine, down one side of which we drove and partly up the other side, when my amiable driver stopped, turned round in his seat and asked if the noble signore would give him six lire (a lira is equal to 20 cents) when we reached Ravello. The noble signore said no, and was then asked how much he might expect. I told him that if I were satisfied with him he would get two lire. Then began a request for five or six lire, saying that my ticket said I had to pay more than two lire. Seeing I was not moved by his appeal, he shouted and from the opposite bank came an answering cry. Imme-

diately two men jumped into a rig, drove rapidly down the hill and pulled up along side of us. My driver informed me that it was his brother and a friend. I had visions of a bandit crew, a huge reward and a life-long captivity, but awaited my fate with becoming calm. The brother made the same modest request for six lire to be given to my driver when we reached Ravello, and again the statement was made that my ticket demanded a fixed amount. I then remembered that some ladies, who were making the same journey, had tickets different from mine, on which the minimum "pourboire" or "per maccaroni," as they say in Italy, was printed, so drawing forth my ticket I translated it into Italian to the best of my ability and finally convinced them that the word lire was not mentioned.

Convinced, but alas! not satisfied, my driver started and we drove on in silence for a few minutes. Then he turned and began to beg for six or five lire when we reached our destination. Seeing I was displeased, he immediately sought to appease the rising anger by pointing out the beauty of the landscape. He asked if the noble signore liked his horse. It was a good horse, a kind horse, a gentle horse, a horse with every desirable attribute; its name was Pepina, but Pepina ate a great deal and when we got to Ravello would the noble signore give him six lire to buy food for Pepina. Or the noble signore was so handsome, so noble, so kind, so distinguished, so illustrious, (it is surprising how discriminating the rascal was), so every adjective already applied to the beautiful Pepina, and would not the estimable signore bestow six lire on his unworthy driver. I became very fluent in Italian before I was finished with him, but when we reached Ravello I was worn out in the unequal contest and meekly handed him four lire to get rid of him. Again I was "done."

From Ravello I went to Amalfi, Positano, Sorrento and Capri. Each has a certain charm distinctive from the others, but Ravello and Capri are the two most beautiful places I have ever seen. I spent nine days in the former and four in the latter, part of the time being devoted to the awful tangle of historic interest with which I was presented. If you wish to realize how little you know, go away from home to another country. To get any appreciation whatever of these places, especially in the smaller towns, I found I had to learn something of the history. In Cava, for example, I was given a room with furniture of the Bourbons, heard the Houses of Anjou and Aragon, Robert Guiscard, Roger of Sicily and many others spoken of as if they were every day acquaintances, till I felt more than ever a foreigner and sought to be introduced. This took me back to the middle ages and there I lived till I reached Rome.

In Capri I visited the many old palaces of Tiberius, saw the famous Salto Rock and wondered how the old emperor managed to have his victims thrown from it into the sea below. Verily they must have been mighty men in those days. I wish I could paint for you in

some small way the exquisite beauty of the colours at Capri. The water is as blue as a Robin's egg, as green as an emerald, sometimes the blue of the cornflower, always there are the added colours reflected from the rocks, while the island is dotted with snow white houses, gathered in spots like flocks of white birds. I have become almost poetic, but no combination of colours can be imagined that are not seen in Capri. But I must hurry on to Rome, as this is the centre of modern as well as ancient Italy.

The Vision *of* Heaven

("A Matriculation Melange")

WHEN one reads about great men and women, no matter for what they are famous, one's first thought is generally, "Oh what wouldn't I give to meet that person. The other day —it was in Latin period, I was summing up those people, and so strong became my desire to see them that, in my intensity of the moment, I cried, "Oh, if the Lord would but let me!" Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when, like a fairy story, I felt myself pushed and whirled about, and finally made to stand on something unsteady and soft—a cloud perhaps. I opened my eyes dazedly and blinked in a very strong and brilliant light at a tall, straight figure whose face was hidden in a radiant, cloud-like haze, and whose right hand held a large, golden key. A loud voice—suspiciously like our Latin master's—pronounced my whole name in all its length, and then said, "Didst thou wish to see certain immortals whilst thou wast on earth?"

"Yes, good Lord," I murmured, in a scared trembling voice.

"I am not the Lord," this person said sternly, "I am Peter, St. Peter, who deals with mortals for the Lord who permits no mortals to view him!"

Much relieved, I immediately became less respectful and more at ease, while Peter—St. Peter—continued:

"You may only see these sainted people on condition that, for each person, one year is taken off your stay here when you become immortal. You have already seen me—that is one year."

I marvelled at the narrowness of St. Peter and also wondered if the years would be spent in Hades—or elsewhere, but all I said was, "Very well, thank you."

"Well then," said the saint, "which angel desirest thou for a guide?" Immediately I began trembling violently again for I could think of no angel's name save the great Michael's, "What ailest thou?" said St. Peter, "Hast thou the St. Vitus?" Terrified at these I muttered frantically, "Blessed Micheal, the archangel," and St. Peter, smiling a pitying smile, touched a large gold button, after

a minute's lapse—it seemed a year—a great angel, clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, appeared, and bowed to St. Peter, who spoke to him in a totally strange tongue—it might have been Latin —or French.

This then was Micheal. He glanced at my wingless back, then stood on his feet and folding his great wings he murmured, "Follow me." I did.

It was like walking through a great brilliantly-lighted library. Each flowery space had golden letters above it, marking what it contained, only instead of books there were people—angels now, I thought, sadly.

"Who dost thou desire to see first?" asked blessed Micheal, the archangel, turning suddenly around. Aghast, I began to ponder.

Whom would I wish to see across the "Great Divide"? It seems to me as if before this question was asked we must settle what our purpose will be there. If it is to obtain knowledge we must certainly need Socrates and Varro; if it is to get the truth concerning religion, Moses and Edwards must be there; if it is to entertain us by making us miserable, we must have Lear and Robespierre; if it is to teach us to economise and amass wealth we must see Solomon and Rockefeller, but if it is to rest and be amused, bring on your "Falstaff" and your "Ko-Ko."

My first encounter was Joan of Arc, the salvation of France, surrounded by her humble friends. Thus she sat, and told the story of her peaceful childhood, her heavenly vision, her sacrifice and her death. Her lovely face filled with glory, as she said: "How beautiful a thing it is to die for God and for one's country!" I listened, thinking of the many who but "tamely died," and thus slowly moved onward, filled with admiration for the Maid of Orleans.

We were joined in our wanderings by an old and ill-tempered woman who darted fiery glances in all directions as if in search of someone. From her mutterings about an indolent dreamer of a husband I knew her to be Zanthippe. Crossing a stream a stately gentleman with powdered wig approached. His tall soldierly form was clad in the raiment of a hundred years ago; his white silk stockings were fastened at the knee with silver buckles, and in his hand he carried a curious little basket. He turned to me and said with blustering assurance: "I never told a lie." Zanthippe, with scornful look, replied: "A greater and wiser man than you has said: 'All men are liars'." Her intended tirade was abruptly ended at this point by catching sight of a group of grave persons philosophically talking together. Seizing a venerable man by his ungainly ears she dragged him off, exclaiming the while: "Hence home, you idle creature, get you home."

Philosophers, poets and their kind are all very interesting, yet believing that the sword is mightier than the pen, I moved on towards the fighting men. Here the discussions were very vigorous. In one place Napoleon was speaking amiably to a person with a

large prominent nose whom I knew to be the Duke of Wellington. Beside the Duke I spied another man whom I recognized as Nelson, because of an empty sleeve pinned across his breast. He must get rather bored from the accounts told of him and the way he is eulogised at Navy League meetings. Near by Pompey was shaking his fist at Caesar and the latter's much-pierced toga, which he had first worn upon the day of his battle with the Nervii, was becoming loose about the shoulders. In speaking with Caesar, he said: "Often on looking down on earth I almost wish myself back again in order to help out some stupid schoolboy who could not translate my Latin passages. Often, in the depths of my despair, I am wont to say: 'Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything'."

I noticed that Caesar was accompanied by another personage, Ovid. Then and there I gave him my honest opinion of him—the cruel, inhuman mortal who had no more sense than to write the nonsensical rot that he had, with which to torment honest, well-meaning school-boys for centuries after. Blows would have been struck but for Caesar, who exclaimed in an imperative voice: "Peace, Ho!" I then left the company of these distinguished Romans; the one famous and the other in every sensible school boy's opinion, infamous.

We had traversed this pleasant place for some considerable time when suddenly the guide put his hand on my shoulder and said: "One of our most esteemed citizens is approaching—his name is Alexander. I will present you to him." The procession came towards us headed by a band which I was informed was the best in all the land. This was followed by a gorgeous carriage drawn by six magnificent white horses. I was introduced and shook hands with the conqueror of the world and had a decidedly pleasant five minutes' talk with him. Then the band struck up Alexander's most famous melody and the procession moved on.

But now we leave the domain "where falls not hail nor rain nor any snow, nor even wind blows loudly," and go down to the place where the conditions are not so ideal. The first person I expect to see when I go that way is Mrs. Pankhurst, lean and somewhat delapitated (no doubt trying to conduct a hunger strike against the very devil) eagerly waiting at the door of hell,—with a brick in one hand and a broom in the other,—in expectation of a Prime Minister or some Chancellor passing through. There is one sensible question I should like to ask this female Napoleon and that is "instead of trying to annihilate the whole British Government one by one, by throwing harmless things at them, why didn't she, after the manner of Guy Fawkes, blow up the parliament all at once and save time and trouble.

The next person I should like to find is Luck. There is no doubt in my mind that he would be an interesting fellow and I should give him many questions to answer:—"Why should one boy walk over a car ticket and the boy behind him pick it up?" "If there

are thirty boys in the same class-room and fifteen catch mumps why don't the others become afflicted with it?" "Two boys left school at the same time with the same amount of learning,—why does one boy fall into the path of life which leads him to the top whilst the other remains at the bottom and never gets a start?"

There now came to our notice a fishy smell such as one might have experienced in a cannery. Becoming interested in this earthly odor I followed the scent and soon came to a queer looking individual who seemed to be scraping grease off his person. Asking if I could be of any assistance I was received with a blank stare. After some consideration on his part he deigned to tell me that he was Jonah and some whale oil had stuck to his clothes. Although this was a fishy story it was interesting because he was one of those I had wished to meet.

Then came Noah; one question only will be asked of him,—what kind of sea-sick tablets he used on the Ark? Hence we should settle once and for all time whether lemons are better than pills; a question that has been debated so often by nervous old ladies that we are all anxious to find out the answer in order that we may sleep nights hereafter.

At this point I began to feel more dazed and to see things less clearly. Instead of plain, sustained pictures, there flashed upon my sight fleeting glimpses of persons, that vanished as soon as they appeared. My guide too seemed to have deserted me and I was alone. I saw a field of battle, a broken army and heard a king cry: "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" Then in an instant I beheld a bed-chamber. Upon the bed lay a strangled wife and by her side stood a "noble Moor" frenzied with grief; he grasped a dagger and buried it in his breast, dying with the words:

> "I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this
> Killing myself, to die upon a kiss."

Next in the room of a castle I could see two persons: the one, a fragile lady of exceeding great beauty and near her a man clad in black—a young man with a countenance "sickle'd o'er with the pale cast of thought." As I gazed in fascinated abandonment he spoke and his words were: "To be or not to be: that is the question." This picture faded and in its wake came a man who in later times had acted these words in such a way that he made the characters live by his vivid interpretation of their thoughts. This was David Garrick and, as I observed him his expression and appearance seem to change from that to the King, to the noble Moor, and then to the unhappy Prince. Slowly he vanished; the walls about me took on a familiar appearance,—even the furniture arranged itself in a manner that seemed natural to me; I awoke—it was the Latin class-room and the dismissal bell had just sounded.

—MATRIC A.

THE ANNUAL FIELD DAY

THE season for track and field sports is now almost at hand and the Annual Field Day of the Victoria High School is the next thing to look forward to in athletics. All who were in attendance at High School last year will no doubt have a kindly recollection of the pleasant afternoon we had last May at the Oak Bay Park. The splendid showing made at a later date by our boys in the Public School sports on the 24th may be attributed to the practice gained in preparing for our own field day. We have still with us some of the Old Guard who carried the High School colors to victory last year. We hope that those may win added honors and also we trust that this year may bring out some new material to add to the laurels of the school. We would remind all those who have any thought of entering the contests, of the phrase "Non palma sine pulvere," which means in modern, every-day language that if they wish to secure a prize they must turn out and train faithfully and consistently. The best guarantee of a successful meet is a good field of competitors and although everyone can't win a prize, there is a lot of consolation in making a man who is better than yourself work for what he gets. No definite arrangements have yet been made as to the events to be taken up, but it will no doubt include the usual sprints and long distant races and jumping and it is to be hoped that one or more inter-class contests will be included in the list of events. Therefore, oh athletes, be up and doing at the earliest.

A. G. S.

We take pleasure in publishing in this number a very interesting article on European travel by Mr. Howard Russell. We regret that we are unable through want space to reproduce some of the views Mr. Russell so kindly placed at our disposal.

Our cover for April is the work of Don Dickinson of Prel. B. The log house is a representation of Victoria's first High School, which was long since destroyed by fire. The magnificent new building needs no introduction to our readers.

BETA DELTA

THE first debate of the semi-finals was held on March 4th between Junior A and Preliminary E. The subject discussed was: "Resolved that Party Government should be abolished" —a promising subject, followed by a worthy and instructive debate. There were many things said about Party Government that were too good to be true and others that were too true to be good. The speeches were all good; in fact the entire "house" might have attended at times and appreciated it, but at other times their absence might have made things more comfortable. But when all bickering was concluded the judges—Messrs. Russell, Macdonald and Andrews —decided in favor of Hamilton and Graham, who represented Junior A on the negative; Hayward and Small being the losers.

Meeting of March 10th—A very important session was held on this day. Half the inter-city debating team was to be chosen from the following members:—G. Campbell, L. Fairbairn, K. Gillie, C. Sivertz, and W. Stubbs. The two medalists, P. Clyde and R. Hamilton, were considered eligible without an examination. The six boys competing for the remaining places each spoke ten minutes on the following subject: "Resolved that the Government of Canada should take immediate steps to restrict immigration." Five members of the staff were chosen to act as judges—Principal Willis, Miss Cann, Messrs. Wood(Honorary President of the Society), Mr. Andrew (Honorary Vice-President), and Mr. Macdonald. After a lengthy discussion the judges decided that Campbell and Fairbairn were the two best speakers.

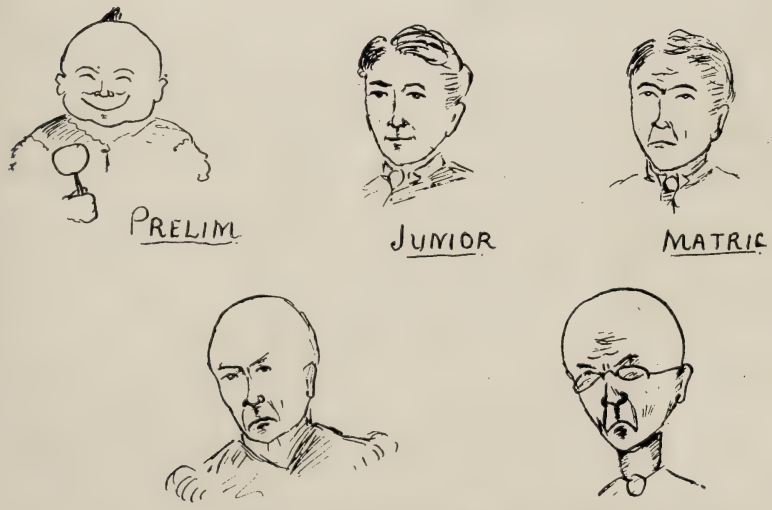
Meeting of March 18th—The last debate of the semi-finals was held on this day between Junior D and Matric. A. The subject for discussion was: "Resolved that the Government should own and control all public utilities." Junior D, on the affirmative, was represented by Hall and John. The speakers managed quite easily to keep the audience wide awake, some by painting golden pictures of Government ownership, others by smudging these portrayals and rasping on our present method of production. The judges, Messrs. Andrews, Clarke, and Montgomery, considered the negative as having presented the best case. The winners of this debate—Matric A— will debate in the finals with Junior A after Easter.

Meeting of March 25th—Four members from the Rugby team gave interesting and instructive speeches on the subject: "Is the world progressing?" The speakers were T. Heyland, Hardwick,

McPherson and L. McBride. The first speaker took each country in order and showed how each had progressed. In a trice the second speaker, Hardwick, proved conclusively that we are progressing. He reminded us first that we were once all monkeys, and that now—presto—we are not monkeys, therefore, surely we have developed. McPherson alluded to the many labor-saving devices and compared the barbaric forms of employment to our present system of wages. He also pointed to the fact of our enormously increased educational facilities, and our opportunity of obtaining education as compared with that of our ancestors. L. McBride showed, as a sub-proof of the question, that since teachers were continually speaking about their attainments and incessantly harping upon the stupidity and general ignorance of their pupils, it stands to reason that the world is morally degenerating.

Victoria High School Wins Both Debates

Since going to press our School met King Edward High School in two debates on Saturday evening last. The victory was ours at home by 16 points, and in Vancouver by 15, so the Sears' Cup is ours by a wide margin of 31 points. Full details next month.



HIGH SCHOOL TYPES

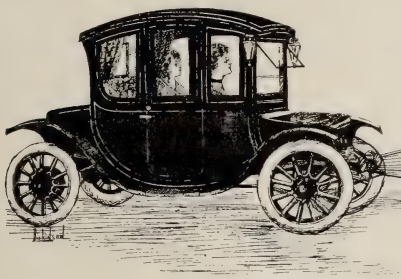
Portia Society

THE subject discussed on March 4th was: "Resolved that Moving Picture shows do more good than harm." Winnifred Sherwood and Mable Malcolm took the affirmative side and Katherine Jackson and Margaret Dunn supported the negative. The speakers all did exceedingly well. The judges, Messrs. Wood and Montgomery, awarded the favorable decision to the negative side.

On March 18th the debate was: "Resolved that women should be accorded the franchise under the same conditions as men enjoy it in British Columbia." This subject, which is causing so much discussion at home and abroad, was thought by some of the members to be an undebatable one in the club, as it was presupposed that the members were all in favour of women's rights." But when Isobel Todd and Hazel Sargent found two members who did not believe that women even wanted these so called "rights," a debate was the outcome.

Madge McConnell and Nellie Dill upheld the negative side of the debate and much to the surprise of our society, proved that they had sufficient good points to defeat the affirmative side. Mr. Willis, Miss N. Smith, and J. Stevenson acted as judges.

He met her in the meadow as the sun was sinking low,
They walked along together on the twilight after-glow.
Her eyes shone upon him as radiant as the stars,
And she was very patient as he let down the pasture bars.
She neither smiled nor thanked him, indeed she knew not how,
For he was but a farmer lad, and she—A Jersey Cow.



SOCIETY.

A PARTY of McGill students and friends went to hear Martin Harvey in "The Only Way," at the Royal Victoria Theatre, on Tuesday, March the twenty-fourth. Everyone enjoyed the play very much, in spite of a few "weepy" situations. Those present were:—Mrs. Pauly, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Kinnaird, the Misses Gabielle Pauly, Dorothea Hay, Violet and Muriel Harman, Laura Archibald, Marian Kinnaird, Ella and Kathleen Jackson, Thressa Pollock, Julia Kent and Helen McLeod.

* * * * *

On Friday, March the thirteenth, the Literary Club of McGill College met at the home of Miss Dorothea Hay, 654 Dallas Road. It was much regretted that Miss Cann, the honorary president, could not attend, and Miss Smith presided over the meeting. An amusing Irish play, "Spreading the News," written by Lady Gregory, was read by Sibyl Hardwick and Thressa Pollock. Musical selections were rendered by the Misses Ina Gordon, Laura Archibald, Katherine Jackson, Belle Hastie and Gabrielle Pauly, and singing and dancing formed a part of the evening's entertainment. Before the meeting adjourned light refreshments were served. Those present were: The Misses Nona Smith, Marian Kinnaird, Thressa Pollock, Ella Jackson, Katherine Jackson, Laura Archibald, Rubie Hume, Ina Gordon, Belle Hastie, Sibyl Hardwick, Gabrielle Pauly, Dorothy Durick, Dorothea Hay, Bessie Greenwood.

* * * * *

We hear from McGill that a delightful dance was given by the Western Club on the evening of March 2nd at the McGill Union. The hall was tastefully decorated with McGill pennants and banners, whose inscriptions bespoke the west. On the wall at the north end of a hall, "Western Cub" was written in large red and white letters. Placed in an artistic fashion around the rest of the hall were numerous Victoria, Calgary, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Regina and New Westminster pennants. The dance, which was of an informal nature, consisted of fifteen numbers and four extras. Almost everyone present was from the west and those from Victoria were Messrs. Howard Miller, the Western Club's president; "Bo" Fullerton, Carleton Hanington, Fred Beckwith, "Buck" Yeo and R. Flitton.

The Varsity Club gave a masquerade dance, the last of a series of pleasant dances, on March the fourteenth in the Victoria Club ball-room. A very enjoyable time was spent by those present, and many very effective and amusing costumes were worn. The Varsity Club dances, under the direction of Miss Monteith and Mr. Wood, have been greatly enjoyed this season, and through them many McGill and High School students have acquired the art of dancing. Mr. Claud Floyd was greatly admired as "One of this season's fairest debutantes," and his beauty and charm won many hearts. The chaperones were Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Harman. Those present were: Misses Ilace Terry, V. Harman, M. Harman, G. Pauly, D. Kerr, N. Clarke, D. Hay, E. Jackson, T. Pollock, J. Kent, I. Todd, M. Preston, M. McCannell, E. Marwick, E. Marwick, I. Duck, I. Malloy. Messrs. P. MacPherson, F. Kerr, G. Marwick, U. Terry, H. Stevens, D. Wyllie, D. Gordon, D. Simpson, D. Wallis, C. Laundy and others.

McGILL ICE HOCKEY TEAM

Left to Right:—Top Row—A. Straith, forward; F. Kerr, point; S. Yuill, cover point; H. Bunt, centre; W. S. Newitt, left wing. Sitting—H. Clark (Capt.), rover; Mr. H. Russell (Hon. President), R. Wallis, right wing. Bottom Row—C. Floyd, goal.

Battalion Orders by Major L. S. Yuill, commanding No. 112, Victoria High School Cadet Battalion

Headquarters Victoria High School,
Victoria, B.C., March 25th, 1914.

1. Sergt. W. P. Hall and Sergt. E. Greenwood having left school are struck off the strength of the Battalion from March 25th, 1914.

2. Appointment, to date from March 25th, 1914:—
B Co.—To be Sergt.: Cadet Livingstone.

3. All Cadets attending Third Annual Cadet Ball must appear in uniform.

4. The conditions governing the competition for the rifle presented on inspection day are as follows:—

The total of the best three scores of each cadet at Clover Point and best three scores in gallery practise at Work Point barracks is taken to represent number of points gained. It is open to all cadets who wear uniform during the year. A cadet to be eligible must shoot at last three matches at Clover Point and three at Work Point.

The Third Annual Ball of No. 112, Victoria High School Cadet Battalion, will be held on Friday, April 17th, in the Alexandra Club, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Patterson, the Hon. Sir Richard McBride and Lady McBride, the Hon. Dr. Young and Mrs. Young, Col. Alexander Roy and Mrs. Roy, the Camosun Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire. The chaperones are Mrs. Alex. Robinson, Mrs. Geo. Jay, Mrs. S. J. Willis, Mrs. M. Jenkins, Mrs. H. C. Hanington, Mrs. A. Mulcahy. Tickets are $1.50 with special rates of $1.00 for V. H. S. and McGill students and 50 cents for cadets in uniform.

(Signed) R. WALLIS, Capt.,
Adjutant.

Third Annual Cadet Ball, Friday, April 17th

ARTS 17

Anyone requiring points on etiquette apply to Miss C———.

Wilson says he was a Scandinavian rover one thousand years ago. If anyone does not believe him, he will lecture on the subject next St. Patrick's day.

How much kinetic energy will be created, in work done by a force, propelling a wheel-barrow, weighing 10 lbs., on which is reposing an object weighing 150 lbs.? Does anybody know anything about the matter? Miss Hay? Lee?

Occupations of different pupils, during periods:—

Gascaigne—"There was a grumbling that grew to a mighty rumbling!"

Kerr—To create convection currents around the window panes.

Miss Hardwick—Borrowing Wilson's dagger.

Wilson—Post Master General.

Flitton—Dreaming of Mona.

Miss Terry and Morgan—Shutting the transoms.

Gordon, Clark and McIlvride don't mind wearing a "pink" sweater, even though it does happen to be a girl's red one!

Lecture in European History—"Henry VII, Henry VIII, and Queen Elizabeth were the great men of the Tudor period."

Who wouldn't see Cupid ragging, while wearing Lee's christie stiff over one eye!!!

They say, that there is a skeleton in every cupboard, but our black one hangs just outside the cupboard.

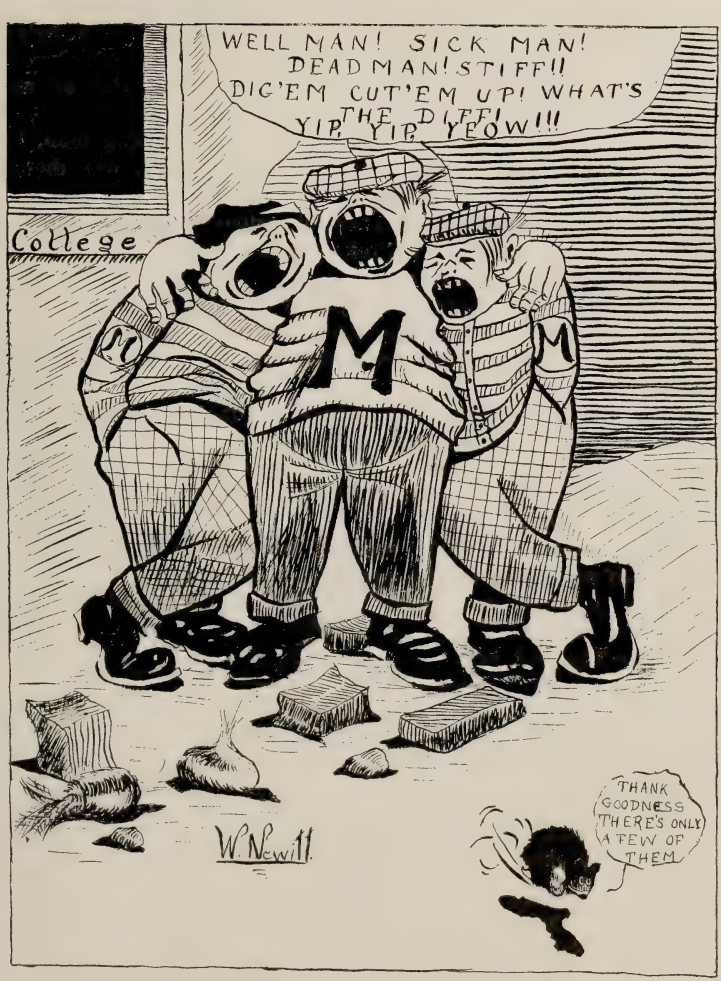
Yuill was recently seen walking through town with Stevenson. Stevenson has just completed a full history of the event, entitled: "Travels With a Donkey."

The Etabetapi Society

The greatest of all frats. is the Etabetapi,
You may well look amazed and stare and ask me "why"?
Our Wallis and our Kerr are the leaders of this band.
When I have said this, I'm sure you'll understand.
The theatre, the rink and other functions gay,

Are methods employed to pass the time away.
The members (I have seen them) they are a goodly crew,
And number I assure you, not a few.
Subscription is one dollar, pay it when you like,
Cash down; not installments, for the love of Mike!
Should you wish to join it, get your name put up for vote;
It's keynote is refinement, it's a society of note.

—C. B. W.



One of Victoria High School's "Perpetual Noises."

MATRIC A

A Frequent Scene in Matric A

Characters:—A class mob; a number of fair damsels and the class reporter.

Time—About 9 a.m. Scene:—Matric A's class-room.

Enter one Ubi (of inspiring mien).

Class Reporter (ably supported by fair damsels)—"Mensieur Ubi, thou art possessed of much smartness; cans't thou not then show this by writing lore for thy school-paper?

Ubi (of inspiring mien)—"Alas! I am a busy man. Affairs of state and such things make me sorry to say I have not time to——"

Class Mob (with deafening roars)—"Hear, hear!" "Time's up Ubi," etc.

Depart Ubi (of inspiring mien). Enter Junk (he of much brains).

Class Reporter (again hopefully supported)—"Young man, thou hast of brains a fair amount! Wilt thou not then, use them to advantage by writing for thy paper?"

Junk (alias Marshal) with cheerful grin—"The coming exams, you know, and such things, er'r, take the time you know——"

Class Mob—Same cries as above.

Depart Marshal. Enter one Clyde, Esq., of much fame.

Class Reporter (frantically assisted still)—"Mensieur Clyde! wouldst thou of thy precious time spare enough to write aught for thy paper?"

Clyde, Esq. (gravely)—"My debate is soon you know. Therefore time is of much shortness. Also——"

Class Mob—Same uproar. Exit Clyde, with golden smilingness. Enter other swains, and Wyllie ones. Alas! not one has that precious thing called "time."

Class Reporter (slightly worried but still supported by fair damsels)—If nobody can write aught for that blessed paper, it can go empty—for I have not time!" Unanimous approval from fair damsels.

Finale—The last bell.

MATRIC B

We're not quite so clever, nor quick, nor bright
As our teachers would have us be.
Our Geometry problems are not always right,
Our French we admit is sometimes a fright,
But they should remember that we're Matric B.

If Dean wasn't sent to the "pen" each day,
If it wasn't his motto—'all his lessons to shirk;
If the odors from Chem. were all taken away,
And the girls didn't have quite so much to say,
Where would the fun come in?—in our work?

Our class would be dull without Sanson and Sears
With their periodical battles and fights,
What would we do if Leonard weren't near,
With his ranting talk to keep us in cheer,
E'en though he does "revel late o' nights."

Our teachers from us don't expect so much,
We're working as hard as ever we will;
There's some of us Irish, but none of us Dutch,
So pray don't treat us as though we were such;
Don't worry, we'll somehow come out through the mill.

What they would do with a "Million" dollars

Dolly—Buy button-holes for all the boys.

Miss Harris—Build an academy for ladies and cram young girls full of knowledge.

Misses Burns and Sutton—Join in partnership and set up a florist's store.

S - n - n—Take singing lessons.

Jack—Buy a set of golden keys to lock up the High School forever.

Farquharson—Go to France.

Theresa—Get presented at court.

Miss Norris—Buy a microscope in order to "see" G——y better.

Jeanne—Become a second Kreisler.

Dorma—Start up a dancing class, but ———.

Nell—Go into Parliament.

Leonard—Teach school.

JUNIOR B

Heard in Class

"Miss Cavin, if you frown that way you will have wrinkles before you are twenty."

"Miss Marwick, for goodness sake talk louder; shout if you want to—but make some noise."

"Miss Steinmetz, make your elbow go fast."

"Miss Tanner, I'm sure if you were to stand up you could think better."

"Miss O'Brien, talk quick!"

"Miss McKiel, please occupy one seat only."

"Miss Howard, you should always say what you mean. You will make a terrible mistake some day if you don't."

"Miss Todd, please take the front seat on the other side of the room."

"Miss Forster next, Oh no! you were not here yesterday."

"Miss Cochrane, we have no talkling when you stay at home."

"Miss Fraser, this is very easy, so I will ask you to try it."

We have a poetess among us who shows great promise. Here are a few of the latest productions of this active mind:—

Fiddle de di, Fiddle di de
Funny class, junny year B.
Riddle we ree, Riddle we rue,
Easter Exams! what will we do?

Another:—

Extraordinary we
Six select of Junior B,
Secrets, conferences high
Important we—without a "why."

A third which has gained much popularity:

Little Mary sunshine,
Little Jimmy noise,
Little Gladys moonshine,
Iky and her boys.
Lanky, Peggy, chatter,
Fatty M. O. B.
It really doesn't matter,
What we do, you see.

To Caesar

(With Apologies to Wordsworth)

Caesar, thou shouldst be living at this hour,
Our class hath need of thee, it is a fen
Of troubled brains; our fair ones oft grace "pen."
Thou, whose learning hath made us old and sour,
Thou, who hath given us a pleasant dower.
Of constant sleepiness, who ledst many men,
Reveal thyself, return to us again,
Explain thy Latin and its awful power.
Thy sword thou used our peacefulness to part,
Thy brain, a miracle, that all can see
Can feel in translation flying free;
Without a qualm thou travelled on life's way,
No thoughts for us had place in thy cruel heart,
Thou hauntest our dreams by night, our minds by day.

PRELIMINARY A

Day by day the term is passing
The links of its weary chain,
Through days of endless monotony:—
Days of class work plain.

Drearily come the questions
On themes far worse than this,
And the eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hearts that miss.

The Red Arrow Store would like to sell you a new Suit or Overcoat

We show a splendid assortment of garments specially designed for the Young Fellow—garments that possess every new style feature. You'll find the prices lower than you would expect to pay for these high grade clothes.

We also sell Furnishings, Hats and Sweaters

J. N. HARVEY, Ltd.

LOOK FOR THE RED ARROW SIGN

614-616 Yates St., Victoria *Also* 125-127 Hastings, West, Vancouver

HAVE IT THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED—

Bring Us Your Watch

We employ only expert watchmakers and guarantee every watch we repair to give satisfactory service. Our prices are moderate. ¶ If you have a clock that is not going properly telephone 118 and we will send a man to attend to it.

✿

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All World's Championships, Amateur and Professional, for years past have been won on the

Underwood Typewriter

All speed records the world over are held by that machine

United Typewriter Company, Ltd.

1119 Langley St., Victoria, B.C.

Free Employment Dept. for Stenographers

Is it the sigh of the scholar?
Is it the teacher's yell,
That lends to the tones the west-wind
The sounds of a far-off bell?

Each pupil smiles as he listens
To the sound he loves so well,
The sweetest sound of the lengthy day:—
The sound of the period bell.

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release,
In the bell of noon-hour ringing,
And the bell of lasting peace.

Dangers of the School Trail

Kodakery

EXPRESSES COMPLETE SATISFACTION IN THE PLEASURES *of* PHOTO ENJOYMENT

THESE fine spring days suggest many opportunities for picture making and the "EASTMAN" line of Kodaks, Films and Supplies that we carry insure photo perfection. Let us explain to you personally the simplicity of Kodakery. It is a delightful and inexpensive pastime.

Fernwood Pharmacy

THE HIGH SCHOOL DRUG STORE

Opp. New High School PHONE *2555* *We Delivery Promptly*

HIGH SCHOOL TIES SPORTING SWEATERS

WE have moved into our new store at 1117 Douglas Street and would enjoy having you give us a call and inspect our new spring styles in HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHING and high class Men's Furnishings

Murgatroyd & Weaver Ltd.

MENS' FURNISHINGS

Successors to R. MURGATROYD & CO.

DENTS GLOVES PHONE *1356* ARROW COLLARS

PRELIMINARY B

The City of Quattuortriginta in 1950

(This is the name of the future city in Northern British Columbia which will be founded by Preliminary B. Our number in the class being thirty-four we decided to call the city Quattuortriginta, the Latin for thirty-four.)

1950 A. D.—Sir Frederick Du Bois, Prime Minister of Canada, left Ottawa June 1, 1950 on the "Transcontinental Aeroplane System" to visit the newly founded city of Quattuortriginta. He arrived at the Bamford Aeroplane Depot on June 2nd, at noon. Welcome was given by His Worship Mayor McPherson, Aldermen McIntosh, McCannel, McPhadden, McNamee, Police Magistrate Patterson and Chief of Police Bar. The Highland Regiment, under the commandership of Col. Wilson, formed the Guard of Honor. The Prime Minister was driven up to the great University, where he was received by Professor Sivertz. The world-famous six-piece orchestra was in attendance, the players being:—Herr Gusse Hamburger, pianist; Monsieur Frederique Copase, violinist; Mr. Troy Hodgsonne, violinist; Signor Cecilio Laundino, violinist; Signor Guilsono Newitta, clarionet; Monsieur Parfitte, celloist. After a banquet, Fire Chief McKinnon spoke a few words of praise of the Fire Department.. Mr. Hill, agent for the "Prairie Immigration Co.," tried to state a few facts about the prairies, but was hissed down. Manager Munroe, of the Ice Hockey Arena, invited the Premier to inspect the newly constructed ice rink. Sir Frederick gave an eloquent speech on the progress of the new city and hoped it would always keep up its reputation. Sir Frederick attended the "United Church," where the Rev. Harkness Ross preached a splendid sermon. Sir Frederick Du Bois left Quattuortriginta in the afternoon bound for Victoria on board the Aeroplane "Camosun."

PRELIMINARY C

Our Time Table

1:00 a.m.—Miss Bird finishes her lessons.
2:00 a.m.—Miss Vincent is seen joy riding.
3:00 a.m.—Miss MacKenna arrives home from a dance.
4:00 a.m.—Miss Kvarn gets up to study her lessons.
5:00 a.m.—Miss Adam gets up to take her early morning stroll.
6:00 a.m.—Miss Jackson wakes up to fire a pillow at the alarm clock.
7:00 a.m.—Miss Neroutsos arrives at school.
8:00 a.m.—Miss Cass arrives at school with a tin of grease.
9:00 a.m.—Miss Macmillan is seen careering madly up Yates St.
10:00 a.m.—Miss Vincent arrives at school.
11:00 a.m.—Miss Evans goes home. (There is method in this madness).
12:00 a.m.—Wild rushes for seats near the door.
1:00 p.m.—Half of Prel. "C" arrive at room 9.
2:00 p.m.—The other half arrive.
2:30 p.m.—Wild rush for basement with gymnasium suits.

No More Crumpled or Soiled Music

Use One of the New Rolls or Folders

Brand new shipment, just opened, of the very latest styles in Music Rolls, Satchels and Folders in the best cowhide, seal, alligator and Morocco leathers. There are more than fifty different styles to choose from, many of which are now being shown in the window. The largest and most complete stock in British Columbia marked at exceptionally reasonable prices.

THESE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS

Rolls in black, seal grain, keratol, strongly made. Each **75c**

Satchels with closed ends, in tan, black, brown and russet, cowhide and seal grain leathers. $4 to **$2.25**

Folding Music Holders, many beautiful styles, from black seal grain keratol to finest alligator, Morocco or seal leathers, nicely lined with fine goat leather, $8.50 to **$2.50**

Have You Heard This New Waltz Hit?

When you call, ask to hear "On the Languorous Waves," By P. Berger. It's particularly good.

FLETCHER BROS.

Western Canada's Largest Music House 1231 GOV'T STREET

Coal! Coal! Coal!

THERE HAS BEEN NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

THE CELEBRATED

New Wellington Coal

from the Famous No. 1 Mine *at* Nanaimo

Sack Lump *$7.50* per Ton

Victoria Agents

J. Kingham & Company

Fire Insurance: NEW YORK UNDERWRITERS AGENCY

1004 Broad Street Victoria, B. C. Telephone *647*

2:30 to 3:15—The so-called invalids enjoy a study period.
4:00 p.m.—Half of Prel. "C" seen emerging from room 13.
5:00 p.m.—Prel. "C" seen to emerge from room 12 and make wild dashes to the nearest grocery store.
6:00 p.m.—Miss Sprinkling arrives home.
7:00 p.m.—Miss Turner retires.
8:00 p.m.—Miss Bell begins to "fuss up."
9:00 p.m.—Study hour. (Less said about this the better).
10:00 p.m.—Miss Croft's tango class opens.
11:00 p.m.—Ambulance arrives at Miss Croft's house.
12:00 midnight—"All is well."

CHRONICLES JUNIORIS A

No. XCCIV. Vol. DCCLXI.

MARTIUS XVI

In the Year 56, A.L.O.

In the fifty-sixth year A.L.O. (id est; ab libertate occupata,—from the seizure of our liberty) we determined to extend the power of our province; so "exploratoribus emissis," we established a secret-service headquarters in the territories of the Mishiwawas.

The explorator-in-chief reported that he was intending to discover the outline of attack in Act II of "Hamlet a la mode," but through some treachery he was informed concerning an impending outrage of the outlaw, "Gyp, le sang," who had invaded the territories of the Mishiwawas, from one of the tribes of the Matriculatio.

It was also announced that Editoris De-cameron had just completed his "hundred tales of love," and was intending to investigate the foreign espionage, and to make war upon the unknown enemy.

As soon as the winged-message reached our senate in room 3, by wireless telepathy, our Imperator Hamilto called together our scattered legions and indulged in artillery practice until interrupted by a peace advocate from the Hague.

In the meantime, one of our spies, flying over the territories of the enemy "en Zeppelin," dropped a bomb (composed of a glass of water) down through space (a rat-hole), hitting some innocent native, "a la basement," in the eye.

Having formed our military plans, the senate was prorogued to await developments in the far away lands of the Mishiwawas, our enemies.

Plus sequi

COMMERCIAL A

If any instructor wishes any of our brilliant class to stay in for him, will he kindly make the startling announcement a week ahead of time?

Napoleon arose, folded her arms, and glared defiantly at her accuser.

The Easter holidays are approaching (sighs of relief) and also the exams are coming (groans)!!

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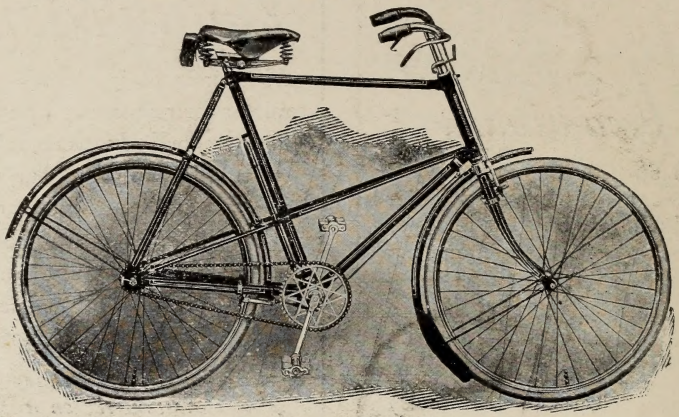

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